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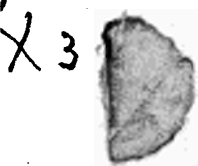
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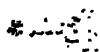
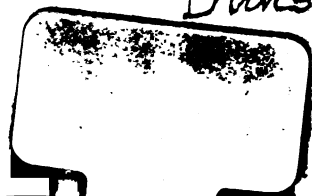


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MORAL VIEWS;

OR

THE TELESCOPE,

FOR

CHILDREN.

By Mrs Roberts author of "Rose & Emily."

At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human
kind. BEATTIE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Tales intended to deduce a series of morals from simple causes, adapted to the capacities of very young minds. Having frequently remarked the difficulty which children find in reading and comprehending long words, she at first attempted not to exceed those of three syllables; but after writing a few pages, she found her language so fettered, and the undertaking so tedious, that she entirely abandoned it, and only endeavoured to give her narrative in simple and general terms. From this change in her original plan, they are offered to her juvenile friends rather as lessons of moral amusement, than of reading.

She thinks some apology necessary for introducing the History of the Cruel Boy, which, she is sorry to add, has its foundation in fact. Had she consulted her *feelings* only, it would have been omitted, as it is replete with images from which the eye of compassion turns aside with horror; but it is her design to awaken in the breast of her young readers sentiments of humanity and virtue; and, as nauseous draughts and painful operations are often requisite to restore health to the body, so must harsh methods sometimes be resorted to, in order to eradicate evil propensities, and impart to the mind that tone of virtue which may be termed its health.

In the opportunities she has had of observing children, they have frequently appeared to her possessed of a natural inclination to ensnare and torment inferior animals and in-

sects: she will not decidedly term this *cruelty*, because she thinks it may proceed from a want of that reflection which is seldom the companion of youth, and from their being unable to comprehend the sufferings and sensibilities of creatures *less* than themselves. Whatever may be the cause, the effect is the same; and as all habits acquire strength by indulgence, attempts cannot be made too early to inspire the youthful mind with sentiments of gentleness and mercy towards the minutest insect, whose little spirit is embodied in a frame as sensible to every touch as our own. If she has been able to excite one throb of pity for the sufferings of the defenceless; if she has checked the progress of one error, or but faintly inspired her young readers with the love of virtue, she will not have written without use or reward.

CONTENTS.



	Page
THE Hill of Learning	3
The Cruel Boy	12
The Merciful Girl	19
The Cottage Garden	23
London	27
A Hop Ground	30
School Children	32
The Selfish Boy	34
The Boisterous Boy	37
Country Town on a Market Day	43
Bear, Monkey, and Dancing Dogs	ib.
The Robin	51
Epitaph	63
Chapter on Cats	65
Edwin of the Vale	74
The Danger of concealing a Fault	77
The Little Wanderer.....	99
The Orphan's Prayer	141
The Golden Age	144

MORAL VIEWS;

OR,

THE TELESCOPE

FOR

CHILDREN.



ONE fine morning, as Henry and his sister Ellen were rambling on the hill which formed the back ground of their father's house, they observed a man holding an instrument to his eye, with the use of which they were unacquainted, and approaching the person, who still continued in con-

R

templation, they modestly enquired its name and properties.

“It is a Telescope, my young friends; an instrument so curiously constructed, that by means of it distant objects appear close to our sight: you look like good children, and I will indulge you with a view of some of the wonders it presents.”

They thanked him for his kindness, and testified some impatience to be made acquainted with this ingenious invention. He then placed the Telescope, by turns, to the eyes of Henry and Ellen, who were so dazzled and delighted with the numerous objects it brought before them, as to be unable to fix their attention on any one in particular. The stranger allowed them to exhaust their exclamations of astonishment, and then said, that

they would derive no lasting pleasure or instruction from gazing with mere curiosity and surprise at the variety of objects moving in the world; and as they were too young to make a just distinction between the useful and the amusing, he would point out those the most worthy of attention, and from which some moral lesson might be learnt.—“Look, my young friends, on yonder hill—it is called

THE HILL OF LEARNING.”

THE children beheld upon it a noble and magnificent edifice, in which every order of architecture contended for rivalship. It was situated in the

midst of groves and gardens, where many people of both sexes were walking, their countenances expressive of happiness and wisdom. The hill was indeed so steep, and in parts so rugged, that Henry and his sister wondered how they could ever climb it.—

“To walk in such groves and gardens as those,” said their companion, “would you not encounter some difficulties? but steep as the hill appears, it is not so hard to ascend as you imagine, for flowers and fruits are scattered in every path, as the rewards of industry and perseverance; their fragrance and flavour are so exquisite, that you soon forget the wounds you may have suffered from the briars and thorns amongst which they spring. These flowers and

fruits are of every kind, and from every country; and the higher they grow, the finer is their quality. The prospects from each side of the hill are more beautiful than we, who only see it from this distance, can conceive; but it is necessary to begin our journey when we are young, or we shall not find sufficient strength and resolution to carry us to the summit. Lower the Telescope a little, and you will see two boys, who are both travelling the same road—the road that leads to the hill. The one who pursues his way with cheerful looks and nimble steps, set out the last, leaving the other, who is sitting at the bottom, with the Cap of Folly on his head; and though he is laughed at by every one who passes by, he is too indolent

to take it off, and follow the footsteps of the other boy."

"Oh! I see them," exclaimed the children; "how stupid and sulky the one at the bottom looks, and how happy and lively the other!"

"The idle," replied the stranger, "are always dull and discontented, while the active and industrious are cheerful and satisfied.——But to proceed.——These children are nearly of the same age, and appeared nearly of the same strength. Charles, who is sitting at the foot of the hill, first began his journey. He found the way steep and difficult, and walked slowly; but as the fruits of reward are scattered in every path, I hoped they would have enticed him forward; he did not, however, think they repaid him for the trouble and

fatigue he experienced at every step, so he stopped, sat down, closed the book which was to direct him on his way, and fell asleep. William, whose journey commenced some time afterwards, met with as many difficulties, and at first advanced with as much labour; but wishing for a companion on his journey, and seeing Charles before him, he took courage, and endeavoured to overtake him, so he boldly and perseveringly broke down all the briars that obstructed his path. It is true, they sometimes scratched him a little, and brought the tears to his eyes; but he saw beneath them the flowers and fruits of reward, which healed every wound and dispelled every care. He then proceeded with new spirits, and soon overtook the drowsy Charles, who, opening his

eyes, and seeing William so near him, moved a few paces, but grown languid with inaction he soon sunk down again. William, who had gained strength from exercise, and ambitious to reach the pleasant groves and gardens which decorate the hill, had no desire to remain with so stupid a companion; therefore, passing Charles, he dropped upon his head, as he lay asleep, the Cap of Folly."

They continued to observe the diligent and industrious William, who, in his progress, was noticed by a great many inhabitants on the sides of the hill; for those who had not strength to attain the summit, fixed their residence on whatever point they could reach. As Heaven has not endowed all with equal powers, all cannot

arrive at an equal degree of eminence.

"But what books," said Henry, "are those which he carries in his hand?"

"They are books," replied the stranger, "which serve as guides on his journey, and of introduction to the inhabitants of the hill; without them he could not have pursued his way, but must have remained with Charles."

Henry and Ellen expressed great pleasure at the view which the Telescope had afforded them, and a desire to follow William up the Hill of Learning.

"I beg pardon," said Ellen, timidly, "for requesting you will explain to me the reason you used the word *ambitious* when you spoke of William,

who seems so very good; and to be *ambitious*, I thought, was to be wicked."

"Ambition," replied her friend, "may lead both to vice and virtue. It has not in itself the positive quality of either, but derives it only from its application. That ambition which stimulates men to acquire distinctions of fame or riches by dishonourable means, or which leads them to raise themselves by depressing others, is *vice*; but that ambition which proceeds from the desire of attaining excellence in science, learning, or any of the liberal arts, and which tends to promote religion, morality, or social happiness, is positive *virtue*.—The ambition of William, I trust, will lead to honourable fame.

“Now, my dear children,” said the stranger, “we will lower the Telescope, and take a survey of other objects: you must not expect that all will be pleasing, but every thing we see will, if we desire it, convey to our minds a moral lesson. The Telescope was placed to Ellen’s eye, who instantly exclaimed—“A funeral.”

Her friend replied: “Though it is painful to me to dwell on vices, such as those which disgraced the life of him whom you see borne to his grave; yet, as a warning to any one who may unfortunately be addicted to the same, I must relate the history of

THE CRUEL BOY.

He was an only son, and indulged by his parents in every wish he formed. Accustomed to tyrannise over and command the servants, he thought all creation formed to obey him, and even the poor insects, which gaily fluttered about the house in conscious security, being armed with no means of defence against the oppression of his hand, daily died by scores, martyrs to his cruelty. The windows of every room were strewed with the wings, legs, and mangled bodies of his victims. By indulgence, his savage propensities increased, and he

promised to become another Nero in barbarity.

“One day he accompanied his mother on a visit to a lady who had a favourite and a very beautiful parrot. As the weather was fine and warm, Poll was liberated from her cage, and had climbed upon one of the trees in the garden, whence by a chirp or word from her mistress, she would instantly have perched upon her shoulder. The little oriental was in high spirits, had chattered over her whole vocabulary, had laughed; whistled, and was singing one of her sweetest airs, when she had the misfortune to be heard by this wicked boy. In every place he considered himself master, and without asking permission either of the lady at whose house he was, or of his mother, he

walked into the garden, and immediately directed his steps to the tree where "Poor Poll, pretty Poll," was chaunting forth her notes of joy for the blessings of "freedom and fresh air." He accosted her at first in a gentle tone. The bird answered in the usual way, by echoing his compliments on her beauty. He invited her to leave the branch, and perch upon his cane, which he held to her; but Poll was too happy to desire a change, and still chattered on, indifferent to his entreaties. Incensed at the poor bird's obstinacy, as he termed it, he tried to terrify her into compliance, and began to beat the boughs of the tree with great violence. Poll hopped from one to another, in terror *she had no words to express*: his cane pursued her, and at

length brought the trembling victim to the ground, where, in return for her former inattention to him, he continued to deal his blows with merciless fury.

“When he saw her motionless, he returned to the house, exulting in a species of revenge that would have disgraced a savage. He did not mention the bird, and his mother soon after took her leave. The lady, knowing the bad disposition of the boy, had been somewhat apprehensive for her favourite, and instantly after their departure went into the garden, calling her “Poor Poll.” For some time she received no answer, and imagined her mischievous visitor might have frightened him away; but on another chirp and call, she heard a faint note of reply, and in a corner of the gar-

den found her poor bird lying—how, my young friends, shall I relate it to you!—with its back broken, one eye beaten out, and its beautiful plumage covered with blood! She laid it gently in her lap; the miserable little creature just opened its remaining eye, uttered a faint cry, and expired!

“I cannot tell you what the lady felt for the unhappy fate of her bird—but mark the end of this wicked boy; for, believe me, cruelty always meets with its punishment. We are not placed in this world to tyrannise and exercise unlawful power over any creatures in it; they all derive their existence from the same Almighty God who gave us being, and are equally the objects of his care and protection, therefore we offend him

when we treat them ill. Even those that may hurt or annoy us, we ought to put to a merciful death, and not aggravate their sufferings by lengthened torture.

“ But to return to the cruel boy.— Some little time after this dreadful deed, he was riding a fine and spirited horse of his father’s, which he had the vanity to think he could manage; and wishing to give a specimen of *dash-ing horsemanship*, as he passed through a town, he whipped and spurred the horse in a manner it was unaccustomed to, which so enraged and tormented the animal, that it ran full speed over the pavement. The boy alarmed, endeavoured to save himself by jumping off, but his foot hanging in the stirrup, he was dragged a considerable way over the stones, and

at length taken up, an object as deplorable as the parrot he had murdered! Happy is it that his life is terminated, for if we may judge what might have been his future conduct by the past, he would have proved a scourge to his family and society; but Providence, in his goodness, seldom permits the wicked long to prosper.

“You shall not, my dear children, gaze any longer on this melancholy spectacle, but turn the Telescope this way, and it will present you with a very different picture.”

“Oh!” cried Ellen, “what a sweet little girl is that at the cottage door, surrounded by lambs and chickens!”

“She is called,” replied the stranger,

THE MERCIFUL GIRL,

and you shall hear how she acquired that title.

“She was born in that pretty white cottage, which has the honeysuckle porch. When quite an infant, she fondled a kitten on her bosom, and as soon as she ran about, was so gentle to all animals, that they followed her, licked her hands and face, and seemed to say how much they loved her. The sheep and two lambs, which you see feeding from her bason of bread and milk, are her own. The sheep she found when a lamb, lying under a hedge, as she was looking for violets

of the virtues it admires, were it only to invest itself with the appearance of them; it is a compound of selfishness and vanity, and I should lament if you *really envied* the little rustic you have just seen, because she is more amiable than yourself, rather try to *imitate* her."

Ellen blushed.—"I cannot then mean I *envy* her, if envy be what you describe it; I would only say, I wish I was like her."

"Since you are so pleased," resumed their companion, "with what you have seen on this side the humble dwelling, let us inspect the other.—Here they saw





THE COTTAGE GARDEN.

THE COTTAGE GARDEN.

At one corner of it was a spreading chesnut, under which sat an old woman, mother of the little girl, spinning wool. Though time had stolen away a few of her teeth, "and turned her brown locks grey," yet it had had no influence over her temper, and the cheerful habits of her youth were still unchanged. She was singing to the buzz of her wheel, while her husband, who had finished his daily task in the neighbouring fields, whistled the same tune, as he cultivated his little garden. Their eldest daughter was spinning by her mother, chanting the same song, and a fine

rosy boy was just learning to handle a spade by the side of his father. In a warm corner of the garden were some bee-hives; the hum of the insects was in unison with the song of the cottagers, and humble, happy industry was stamped on every feature of this rustic landscape.

“How happy they all look,” said Henry.

“And they are so,” answered the stranger, “for they are honest, industrious, and temperate. Every thing around them breathes the spirit of content; the birds sing gaily and unmolested, and the cattle feed quietly in their pastures; these good people only share in the general joy of creation, and unite in the universal voice of gratitude. It is not thus in crowded cities and populous towns, where

constraint and ceremony war against the natural bias of our feelings;—where art has excluded nature, and vice too often assumes the appearance of virtue. The simple meal of the cottager imparts more health and enjoyment, than all the luxuries heaped on the table of wealth, and the peaceful pleasures of the country afford more lasting satisfaction than the riotous joys of the town. But I shall tire you, my young friends, with moralizing: I confess myself so fond of the country, that I scarcely believe any real happiness can exist at a distance from it; and one of nature's wildest blossoms in a humble hedge-row, has, in my eye, more beauty and wonder in its construction, than the most polished and curious gew-gaw to be found in the metropolis."

“But I have heard,” said Ellen,
“that London is a very fine place.”

“So it is, and there are very fine things and very fine people in it.— Shall I turn the Telescope that way?”

“O pray, pray do!” the children exclaimed at once.

For a time they were dazzled and enchanted with the gay carriages that rolled along the pavement; the motley crowd of passengers passing each other in rapid succession; the handsome windows, where splendid ornaments and tempting toys spread their various lures for the vain and idle; and with every shifting scene new exclamations of joy and astonishment arose. Novelty tinted each object with its brightest colours, and the young observers thought

LONDON

was indeed a charming place.

Ellen was curious to see St. Paul's, and immediately their indulgent friend presented to her view this majestic structure; but scarcely had she raised her eye to the dôme, before her attention was diverted by a mob, who were in pursuit of an overdriven ox. Men, women, and children, were seen running in various directions, while the enraged animal, with foaming mouth and starting eyes, received from every side, stones, sticks, and whatever could inflict torture. A nursery-maid, with an infant in her arms, and a little

boy in her hand, was thrown down by the impetuous multitude. The children, shutting their eyes, gave a scream of terror; but on looking up again, discovered the infant in the arms of a person, who had providentially caught it as it was falling, and dragged the other child and the woman into his shop, before they had sustained much injury.

“Why did she not walk with the children in the garden!” Ellen enquired.

“There are no gardens in London.”

“No gardens in such a fine place?”

“No; there is not room for gardens.”

“Oh, then! I should be sorry to live in London, for I love a garden.”

“Why,” interrupted Henry, “is the poor ox so persecuted?”

“It is called mad, returned their friend.”

“And is it really so?”

“Yes, in a degree. The savage treatment it has experienced, has rendered it wild and ferocious. As soon as it was taken from the meadows, where it had long enjoyed its green pasturage, it was driven with others towards the metropolis. Though fatigued and hungry, the goad of the driver still urged it forward. Made irritable by cruelty, it no longer submits to plod patiently on; and on entering this scene of tumult, where too many are glad to find a plea for indulging the barbarity of their nature, the poor animal is pronounced *mad*, hooted and beaten through the

streets, spreading mischief and alarm at every step.—Say, my dear children, shall we remain any longer spectators in London, or turn to the country?”

They gave a willing preference to the latter, and instantly beheld a scene of industry and festivity.—It was

A HOP-GROUND,

in which a group of happy villagers had assembled. The strongest were pulling down the poles, while women and children stripped them of their light festoons. In one sheltered corner an infant was rocked to sleep in a cradle by its sister, who sang a soft lullaby as she watched the closing

eye-lids of her little charge. All was cheerfulness and employment.


“Is not this,” said the stranger, “a preferable view to the last?”

“It is,” said Ellen, “and I would rather be among this happy group, than riding in the streets of London.”

“Cultivate, my good girl, this taste for rural scenes and simple occupations; it is generally the companion of those virtues that adorn domestic life, and is in itself a source of perpetual enjoyment. Every walk in the country presents to us objects of interest and beauty. Not a blade of grass, which lies beneath our feet, but is, in its construction, a source of wonder, and baffling all imitative powers, proves

“The hand that made it is divine.”

From creation our minds are naturally lifted up to the Creator, and it is impossible to love the one without adoring the other; the effect, therefore, which the contemplation of nature has upon the mind must be allied to virtue."



The next view of the Telescope was a group of

"PLAYFUL CHILDREN,

JUST LET LOOSE FROM SCHOOL,"

each amusing himself with his favourite sport. One was listening to the hum of a top he had dexterously spun; another was bowling a hoop;

a third skipping over the flying rope; a fourth pursuing the bounding football; some were harnessed as horses, and others tracing a circle for marbles. One only in this busy assembly was walking in a retired path, with folded arms and downcast eyes, regardless of the mirth and noise of his school-fellows.

“Why does he walk alone,” said Henry, “when he might be so merry with the others?”

“From an ill-judged education, and erroneous habits, his enjoyments, if he has any, are of so confined a nature, that they refuse participation: he is truly called by his companions

THE SELFISH BOY.

HE has the misfortune to be the only son of rich parents resident in *London*. When he could quit the nursery he was introduced into the drawing-room, and mingled, as much as a child could do, in all the company which frequented his father's house. As soon as the little gentleman gave proofs of being able to keep his eyes open till ten or eleven o'clock, he accompanied them to plays, operas, and balls, where the brilliant display of fine things, fine people, and fine manners, so corrupted his infant mind, that he sees no beauty in any other objects; and accustomed to behold every thing artificial, nature has no charms for

him. He receives no pleasure in fields and gardens, or in any thing which the country affords. The light of coloured lamps would please his perverted taste more than all the beautiful tints of the finest flowers; and a midnight ball impart to him greater delight than the active sports of his young companions.—See how scornfully he turns from them, and, retiring into a corner of the playground, even eats alone some dainty which he has received from home. Having had no brother or companion to share any of his pleasures, his mind has acquired that contracted species of enjoyment which centers in itself; and he would fancy himself robbed of what he has been taught to consider *his right*, did another partake of the feast with him. These selfish

gratifications harden the heart, and close every avenue to that liberality which would relieve the distressed, and by communicating blessings to others, would prove at the same time a source of joy to the possessor, which the selfish never knew."

The stranger was interrupted by the appearance of another boy, who suddenly burst among the parties at play. In an instant all became confusion; hoops flew about, marbles were rolled from their ring, and a thousand ridiculous pranks were played. Even the corner where the selfish boy was seated did not escape; and snatching away the paper which contained the treasures he had been secretly banqueting upon, almonds and raisins were tossed into the air with an exultation of derision.

“Who is this?” said the children.

“He is called

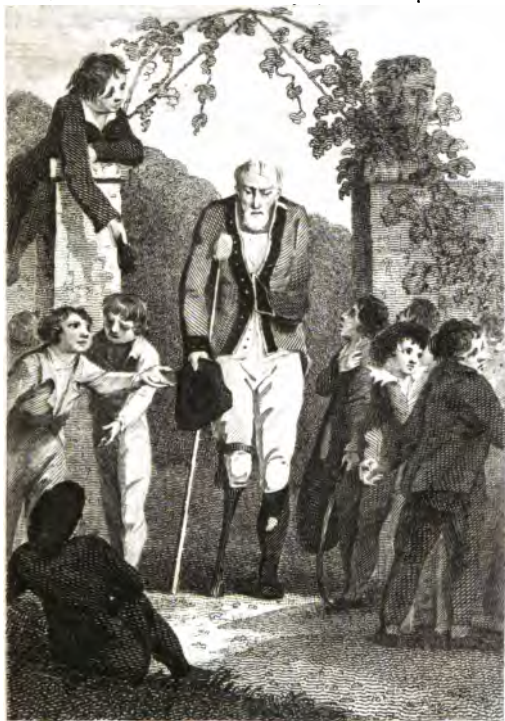
THE BOISTEROUS BOY.

SEE how entirely he has interrupted the different sports of his school-fellows; and now they are endeavouring to collect their scattered playthings, probably to be again put in disorder by this riotous boy. One poor child is thrown down by his impetuous frolics, yet he runs away laughing. In a moment the gay face of this thoughtless fellow was changed into one of tears and sorrow. A little switch, which he held in his hand, was snatched away by one of his companions; and he who,

but an instant before, had, in what he called *fun*, committed so much mischief amongst them, now filled the air with cries and complaints for his lost stick.—Learn from this, my dear children, that those who cannot receive a jest or playful trick with good humour, should not practise such upon others.”

The boisterous boy, however, soon forgot the cause of his sorrow, laughed, ran about with the same heedlessness as before, without considering how much he had destroyed the amusement of his school-fellows.

A beggar appeared at the gate of the play-ground. At the sight of a decrepid figure in a tattered regimental coat, sport was suspended, and every one hastened to the spot where this poor remnant of a human



**A BEGGAR APPEARED AT THE GATE
OF THE PLAY GROUND.**



form was standing. He presented his only arm, soliciting their charity.

"How did you lose your other, my friend?" said one of the children.

"In the battle of Alexandria, your honour, when my brave general fell by the hands of the French. But it was the fate of war—they did no more by us than we would have done by them. I have no cause to complain, for I have lost but one limb, which many a brave fellow cannot say.

The boisterous boy had climbed on the top of the gate, listening with attention to his tale, and before it was ended, had thrown his purse into his hat. The boy of refinement stood at a distance, and glancing his eye on the maimed figure of the soldier, as quickly withdrew it; but putting

a few halfpence for the beggar into the hand of one of his companions, he added, "such objects were too shocking for him to look upon," and retired from the spot to indulge his selfish feelings.—An act of charity loses half its value, if not accompanied by kind looks or soothing words. This boy, lulled in the lap of luxury, has been taught to turn with disgust from scenes and objects that excite painful emotions, and when he gives his *money*, he considers he has fulfilled the work of charity. The boisterous boy, on the contrary, still remains by the poor soldier, asks him again and again to tell his short but affecting story, and thus gratifies the soldier's honest pride, at the same time that he relieves his necessities. It is true, that from the spontaneous glow of

pity, he gave *all* he had, without reflecting there are many other objects equally deserving, and that by dividing his bounty he would have extended his benefits. This inconsiderate charity, though certainly erroneous, is less so than the contracted feeling of the selfish boy:—that refinement which leads us to shrink from succouring the afflicted, because they excite sensations of pain, is one of the greatest enemies to pure benevolence:—it is our duty to assist our fellow-creatures whenever we can; and for any inconvenience we may suffer by an act of humanity or charity, we shall be amply rewarded by the consciousness of having discharged our duty as human beings and as Christians.

“Pray,” said Henry, “which of these boys do you think the best? for I cannot forgive the one for spoiling the sports of his school-fellows, any more than I can the other for eating all his nice things alone.”

“In the boisterous boy,” replied the stranger, “you see a lively disposition under no restraint, consequently troublesome and rude, and an interruption to the pleasures of others. In the selfish boy, false refinement has engendered artifice and cunning; and his refusing to share in the enjoyments of others, or to permit them to partake of his, renders him an object of dislike and contempt; but education may correct the faults of both, and I earnestly trust it will, or one will be a dan-

gerous, and the other a useless member of society."

The stranger, looking at his watch, observed he had far to walk before evening, and could only indulge them with one view, which was

A COUNTRY TOWN

ON A MARKET DAY.

A rabble of boys and girls was pursuing, with shouts and joyful exclamations,

A Bear, Monkey, and Dancing Dogs.

A small space was cleared, and to the scraping of a violin with three strings, the animals performed a variety of movements, termed *dancing*.

Pug clung fast to the neck of the bear as he practised his uncouth gestures, till it was his turn to divert the spectators by his mischievous and merry tricks. At the mimicry of the monkey, new mirth arose, and laughter convulsed every one present.

"I had heard," said Henry, "that monkeys were funny creatures, but I did not know before that bears were so, or that dogs could dance."

"Bears," replied their friend, "are not by nature lively animals, any more than dogs are dancing ones."

"Then how can they be taught these tricks?" rejoined Henry.

"Animals, my young friend, though not endowed with reason, possess faculties to distinguish what is required of them. Some are tamed by kindness; others rendered obedient by

severity, and gentle through fear: this last has been the method practised towards these poor animals, and when I reflect upon the sufferings that must have been inflicted to produce gestures so unnatural, I turn disgusted from the sight, though, at the same time, I may admire their docility and sagacity."

"Can you inform us how they are taught?" said the children.

"In order to initiate the bear into his steps, he is led upon a piece of hot iron. Pain naturally impels him to withdraw his feet by turns; and while the miserable animal is thus for a time daily tortured, some tunes are played on the violin, which, when he afterwards hears, and sees his savage master with his uplifted whip, a kind of instinctive recollection

prompts him to repeat the steps—his poor breast probably beating with the same fears and agonies which he felt when on the hot iron;—and thus are bears taught to dance!”

“ I should never like to see them again,” both the children exclaimed; “ but is the same cruel method practised with dogs?”

“ Not in so great a degree: dogs are more domesticated animals, and from their constant communication with the human species, they more easily understand what is required of them. They indeed suffer severely from the sharp discipline of the whip, in order to make them move to the harsh scraping of the fiddle, or whatever other instrument, termed *musical*, their masters may employ. The dread of the punishment they have expe-

rienced on hearing the same sounds, impels them, as the bear, to repeat the same steps.

“ Compare these poor degenerate, half-starved little wretches, with the noble animal that guards the house of some benevolent master. Fed with plain but plentiful meals, he growls at the bribe that would corrupt his honesty. Faithful, hardy, and brave, he protects with the zeal of a friend his benefactor’s property, and barks with the voice of a Stentor at the villain who would violate it. He is known only by simple, honest qualities, the *natural* qualities of the dog, cultivated and improved by the kindness of man.—The other poor little creatures, whom pity regards with a sigh, are taught to imitate what they cannot comprehend, and

drag on a miserable existence in the trammels of subjection, fettered by the will of a petty tyrant, whom they do not love, yet fear to disobey.

“ But see the unhappy bear!—an exile from his native country, dragged from town to town, and made to prance for the pleasure of a gaping crowd!—See! he has paced round and round the *thing* called a minuet, and fatigued by the unnatural attitudes, he now drops motionless by the side of his mercenary and merciless master!—New crowds are flocking to him; let us not, therefore, stay to see the effect which the uplifted whip threatens.

“ Learn from this view, my children, to love nature in her plainest garb and simplest attitude; and however your wonder may be excited by the forced faculties of these animals,

do not increase their misery by applauding what are the effects of inhumanity; for, believe me, the bear would wander more happily in its native wilds, than thus led in a crowded street; the dogs would dwell more contentedly the guardians of a house or yard; and the poor monkey, deriving no pleasure from its suit of green, or the state of riding on a bear, would be happier to catch a scanty meal in freedom. I confess I can never see with satisfaction such hideous perversions of natural faculties, or reflect upon them without pain."

As the stranger concluded these remarks, the parents of Henry and Ellen were seen approaching. The children had remained out longer than usual, and their absence occa-

sioned some anxiety ; but when informed how they had been amused, the stranger received the thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and an invitation to their house. The latter he politely declined accepting, being compelled to pursue his journey ; and on parting with his young friends, he presented them with a small volume, as a memento of his regard, containing the following Tales.

THE ROBIN.

O let them ne'er with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain their little bill,
But sing what Heav'n inspires, and wander
where they will.

BEATTIE.

IT was the month of chill and dreary November;—twilight still lingered in the west, and the leafless branches of the trees were just discernible from the windows of the little parlour where Charles, Henry, and Fanny were seated with their mother, enjoying the cheerful blaze of a fire, till the entrance of candles should enable them to commence their evening's amusement.

The map of Europe was spread on the table; the travellers in their different coloured habits were arranged in order to begin their journey, and the totum was already on tiptoe, when a faint chirping was heard in the garden. Charles sprung from his seat, and observed a slight motion in the feathery branches of the *clematis* that mantled round the window. He gently lifted up the sash, in expectation of seeing the visitor who had just asked admission. In a few minutes a Robin hopped in, looked fearfully about, as if enquiring whether it was welcome, but gaining courage from the quietness of the objects it saw, presently advanced, fluttering its wings as it felt the reviving warmth of the fire. A few crumbs had been scattered on

the carpet, which its quick eye soon discerned, and it eagerly picked them up. The children, who had remained motionless and breathless lest they should frighten away the bird, now ventured to speak. Their voices had no terror to the already half-domesticated Robin, who, confiding in their protection, looked in their faces and hopped near their feet. Its future destination was now the subject of debate; for to suffer it to remain where it then was, would expose it to the merciless talons of two favourite cats that frequented the parlour.

“But we can send Pet and Fatima away,” said Henry, “they will be very happy by the kitchen fire; and now Robin knows us, he would like to stay here.”

"Would you then dismiss an old favourite for a new one?" asked their mother.

"O mamma! the cats are at home, and Robin is a visitor."

"But would you not think it very hard, my child, to be sent into the nursery whenever any visitors came? No, I must not let Robin take place of your former favourites; he shall have our protection, our kindness, and our love: in this parlour he would feel imprisoned; he must have a life of liberty; his return to us shall be optional. The cats, too, would not readily relinquish the place they have been accustomed to frequent, but might rush in when the door was opened, and in a moment destroy poor Robin, were he suffered to remain here. I have a better scheme:

we will put him in the green-house; the warmth he will find there will be sufficient for his comfort; he may perch on the branches of the plants, shall be plentifully fed, and when the windows are opened he may enjoy the liberty he loves, and return when impelled either by cold or hunger."

This plan, reasonable as it was, did not find a ready assent. The children did not like to lose sight of him; they feared he would never return.

"Would he not be happy in a large cage, mamma, where he was warm and well fed?"

"You know, my dear children," replied their mother, "how entirely I disapprove of confining birds which are natives of our own country. Food and warmth cannot recompence them for the loss of liberty and air. In-

instinct enables them to choose food more healthy and pleasant than any we can select for them, and, except in a season of particular severity, the artificial warmth of a room cannot be so grateful to them as the freshness of the open air. Though this poor bird, from the keenness of the frost, has been induced to solicit our protection, yet, should to-morrow be fine, you will see him expanding his wings in the sun-beam, and chanting forth his simple song of joy and gratitude. Let us not be so selfish as to sacrifice the comfort of the little fugitive to the gratification of bestowing caresses which would half stifle him; neither let us violate the laws of hospitality, by imprisoning one who sought refuge of us."

The children were convinced of their error, and the bird was conveyed to the green-house. When they returned to the parlour, the conversation on the captivity of birds continued.

“Canaries,” said their mother, “I regard as exiles, deprived of their natural rights; and, unable to endure the common changes of our climate, depend solely on those who rear them. To these, freedom would be death; but the little natives of our own fields and groves ought to experience all the privileges of free-born Britons — I always feel a very painful emotion when I see exhibitions of foreign birds and beasts. The poor creatures are either pent up in dungeons, almost debarred of light and air, or drawn about in vehicles, where their limbs are contracted for want of room, and

where they can scarcely breathe. I remember seeing at Exeter 'Change a cockatoo which had been taught to whistle a popular air. Its notes were sweet to the ear, but wounding to the heart. To teach it such unnatural melody, inhuman means had been employed. Its beak was in a transverse direction, from some blow it had received, and its plumage was rough and discoloured. I turned from it with a sensation of horror; nor was I much less shocked at the sight of a large foreign raven, which displayed its sable pinions at the appearance of the keeper's stick, whose force, I fear, it had too often felt. The monkeys were the only apparently happy creatures there. Their natural tricks were sufficiently amusing without teaching them artificial ones, yet these animals,

which approach so near the human species, we cannot observe without a mixture of humility and horror. At the Tower I saw one, called Peter, with a swelled face, apparently proceeding from the tooth-ach. The man who showed the beasts was playful and familiar with them, and seemed also humane. He spoke kindly to poor Peter, pitied and caressed him. The animal looked dejectedly in his face, and appeared sensible of his attentions. After we had quitted the place which the monkeys inhabited, I returned to take another look at poor Peter. He had crept as close to the fire as his chain would permit him. His eyes were closed, and he leaned his swelled cheek upon his paw, as if to soothe the pain. It was an attitude we should have chosen if suffer-

ing under the same complaint, and is another external proof how close the link is which unites the man to the monkey.

Their mother ceased, and the children retired to bed.

The next morning they went early to the green-house, and, as they peeped through the window, were delighted to see their favourite flying from branch to branch, and chirping merrily. They opened the door, and found few of the crumbs remaining which they had left the night before; but in an instant the little fugitive escaped.—“O! it is gone—it is gone,” they all exclaimed, “and will never return!” They watched its flight, and saw it light on a laurel-tree, where it poured forth its short but sweet song. The children returned

with dejected looks to the house, and on imparting the cause of their sorrow to their mother, and their fears lest the bird should never come back again, she told them, that should it prove so, they might rely upon its having found some other place of shelter which it preferred, but that if it again required their assistance, it would probably seek the same asylum. This assurance could not entirely subdue the apprehensions of the children: anxiously did they wait for evening, and as soon as they felt it chill and gloomy, they went to look for their Robin, and to their great joy saw him safely and quietly perched on the branch of a geranium. The stock of crumbs which they had left in the morning was diminished, and they were sure he had had a plentiful sup-

per. Day after day it made excursions in the gardens, unless the weather was too cold, and regularly reposed every night among the plants of the green-house. When spring came, its returns were not so punctual, and summer saw it quite depart; but early the next winter it became again the tenant of the same lodging, and continued so for several successive seasons, till one sad morning, on opening the green-house, the children perceived their favourite lying dead on the floor; they took it up, and examined it as well as their streaming eyes would permit them: its plumage was unruffled; there was no marks of injury; and they consoled themselves by the reflection, that its little life had been cheerful, and its death natural. They proposed to bury

it under a grassy bank in the garden,
and their mamma wrote the following

EPITAPH.

BENEATH this mossy sod, this lap of love,
Lies a poor tenant of the vocal grove;
No gaudy plume, of many-colour'd dyes,
Mark'd the proud offspring of exotic skies;
No minstrel song had he to charm the ear,
Or draw from pity's eye the trembling tear;
Yet, with a simple strain, and void of art,
He found a passage to each infant heart,
And, as with cold he shiver'd near their cot,
They felt his sorrows, and bewail'd his lot:
With them he shar'd the pittance of their feast,
And in their bosoms built his little nest.

But must the muse the mournful hour relate,
Which seal'd the period of their darling's fate,
Enough their fond, their true regard to tell,
How lov'd he liv'd, and how lamented fell!

Those gentle hands which once reviv'd his
breath,

Would, vainly, ward the awful stroke of
death.

They mourn'd his fall with many a pensive
tear,

And bade his lov'd remains find shelter here.

And oft at fading hour of eve they'll bring

The infant treasures of the opening spring;

The woodbine here in nature's grace shall
bloom,

Waving in wild luxuriance o'er his tomb:

The soft-ey'd daisy lend its modest dyes,

To consecrate the turf where Robin lies.

Whoe'er by chance these artless lines may see,

Blame not the poet's simple theme; since He

Who form'd the rainbow, and ordain'd the
shower,

Gave to the lightning wings, the thunder
power—

Observes “with equal-eye, as God of all,

A Hero perish, or a *Robin* fall.”

CHAPTER ON CATS.

I HATE cats," said little George, as he jumped away from poor Tib, whom he had just been caressing.—
"I hate cats, they are so treacherous."

"And why do you call them treacherous?" said his mother, who was at work in the same room.

"O, mamma, I was stroking her, and she was purring and stretching herself on the carpet, seemingly so pleased, when all at once she put out her sharp talons and scratched me."

"But tell me, George, what you mean by the word *treacherous*?"

“I mean—I mean, mamma, one who deceives.”

“Did the cat deceive you, or did you deceive her? Are you sure you did not hurt or tickle her?”

“O, quite sure, for the more I rubbed her coat, to make it snap, the more she purred, till in a moment she scratched me, and then I beat her, and she ran away.”

“And so you call her treacherous?”

“Yes, mamma; and I have *read* too, that cats are treacherous.”

“I believe you have: people who do not like the animals, attach to them an epithet the most revolting to our feelings; and though it has met with general suffrage, I confess I am bold enough to dispute its propriety, or perhaps too dull to understand it. To a creature of mere instinct, in-

fluenced by no *design*, I cannot conceive the term can be properly applied. It has always appeared to me to be one of that numerous class of epithets which we repeat from a blind compliance with custom, without examining its real meaning or application. Your cousin Julia, who, you know, has just finished her education at one of the most fashionable boarding schools in London, on my presenting her yesterday with a rose, exclaimed in a rapture, "What a love!" but as she was placing it in her bosom, an earwig chanced to crawl from its leaves, and she threw it indignantly away with, "O, what a beast!" Now you must allow, that the rose was not really *a love*, nor the poor earwig *a beast*.—Let us

never, my boy, express ourselves in terms we do not understand.

“The term *treacherous* I do not think can be properly and strictly applied to any thing not rational; it implies *design* to deceive, to beguile, by false appearances, and I fear from the human race only proceed *plans* to betray. Poor Puss had no intention to scratch you while she was purring; she did not assume those attitudes which denoted pleasure in order to allure you, that she might inflict pain; she was pleased with your caresses till the instant you felt her talons, and could *she* then have spoken, she would probably have said that *you* were *treacherous*, and that you had caressed in order to tease her.—The snapping noise which was excited by the friction of the coat,

proceeded from electrical matter contained in it. In the dark, sparks are seen to be emitted by rubbing it; and I have frequently felt my fingers electrified as I passed my hand over a cat. The sensation to me was sharp and unpleasant; think then what it must have been to the poor animal, whose every hair contains a portion of this fluid, which must, on being excited by warmth and friction, produce the effects of so many needles. From this sensation, it is probable, proceeded the sudden impulse of Tib: she felt an acute pain, and instinct prompted her to unsheath those weapons which nature has given her for defence."

"But cats do not love us as dogs do."

"They certainly do not possess,

in so great a degree as dogs, the qualities of fidelity and gratitude; their natures are more timid, and their strength inferior; they are therefore not formed to endure that frequent change of place and fatigue, but they are by no means destitute of attachment. Naturalists assert that they are attached to *places* only; but since I have entered the lists as champion of the tabby race, I will produce one or two *facts* of their discrimination of *persons*."

"A gentleman, whose business called him every day from his country-house to town, had a favourite cat, which always seated herself on the arm of his chair, and partook with him of every meal. During his absence she would either sleep in his vacant seat, or wander about the gar-

den, perfectly indifferent to the rest of the family. Every rap at the door was disregarded by Puss; she neither awoke from her slumber, nor moved from the spot where she had stretched herself; but at the knock of her beloved master, which she distinguished from every other, she would start up and hasten to the door, to welcome him by every indication of joy, brushing against his legs, rolling at his feet, mewing, purring, looking in his face, and courting a return of caresses.

“I have heard of another cat which was removed with its mistress to four different houses. The change never appeared to disturb this faithful domestic, while it was by the side of the mistress it loved. At one house which she quitted, poor Puss was left for a few days. No kindness of the

family could console the animal for the friend she had lost. She refused food, and went mewling over the house and garden. At last her mistress arrived. The instant she heard her voice, she ran into the room, jumped upon her knee, and was even carried through the crowded streets of the metropolis without the restraint of basket or cord, but lay purring in her lap, regardless of passing carriages, and the various discordant sounds of London.

“These instances will, I hope, prove to you, that cats, if kindly treated, sometimes evince as *personal* attachment as dogs. I do not mean, by what I have advanced, to controvert the just and general opinion of naturalists, that they are *more* devoted

to *place* than *person*; but I wish to subdue the vulgar prejudice entertained against my tabby friends, that they are *all treacherous* and *have no affection.*"

EDWIN OF THE VALE.

“**P**OOR Edwin was no vulgar boy,”
 Though sheep he fed in Eden’s vale;
 He lov’d no idle, glitt’ring toy,
 He lov’d—of ancient lore the tale.

And while his humble hose he made,
 He thought upon the children’s fate,
 Who, in a wood’s obscurest shade,
 Fell victims to an uncle’s hate.

Clasp’d in each other’s arms they lay,
 No friend to hear, no hand to save;
 And when life’s spirit fled away,
 The “pious” Robins deck’d their grave.

As thus he mus’d, he sobb’d aloud,
 While down his cheeks flow’d many a tear,
 To Heav’n his grateful knee he bow’d,
 Who still preserv’d *his* parents dear.



EDWIN OF THE VALE.



A curious net he sometimes wove,
Not form'd the innocent to lure,
For every link was that of love,
And every knot was there secure.

His mother as she roam'd about
Her little store of goods to sell,
Would boast "that Edwin this had wrought,
" Her Edwin, whom she lov'd so well.

" He was the best lad of the vale,
" All Eden with his praises rung;
" He never form'd an artful tale,
" For sacred truth inspir'd his tongue."

A parent's praise 'twas sweet to hear;
A parent's voice all Eden hail'd;
They bless'd the lad to virtue dear,
They bless'd—but soon his loss bewail'd.

Perhaps Heav'n saw impending woes,
And call'd him to its bright abode;
Bade his pure spirit there repose,
And live an angel with his God!

Yet still his mother oft will weep,
When speaking of her Edwin gone;
View with a sigh her darling's sheep,
Which now another master own.

With pensive smile she hails the day
Which beams upon her Edwin's birth;
But wipes the trembling tear away
On that which gave him back to earth.

And if she hear the church-bell toll,
Record of Death's triumphant reign,
Remembrance wrings her sinking soul,
And every wound bleeds fresh again.

Green is the sod which wraps his clay,
And there the flower embalms the gale;
Yet village boys still sighing say,
“Here lies poor Edwin of the Vale!”

THE
DANGER

OF

CONCEALING A FAULT.

“**B**E dutiful and affectionate to your parents, kind to your brothers and sisters, faithful to your friends, obliging to your neighbours, civil to every one, and, above all things, *speaking the truth*,” was the admonitory lesson of a fond and anxious mother to her little son, who was sitting on her knee. “Let no apparent advantage ever tempt you to swerve from truth; believe me, my child, it is the foundation of every virtue; he who is not reconciled to himself till he confesses

a fault, will seldom commit one, for he will fear to do what he does not dare to own; but when you are unhappy enough to have been guilty of an error, acknowledge it, and this act of confession will in some degree wipe off the offence, and will always lead me to palliate the fault, if I cannot quite pardon it; but should you conceal it, and remain for a time undiscovered, remember, you have a witness in heaven, who records every action, and that witness is God!

“It is related of Petrarch, a celebrated Italian poet, who lived in the fourteenth century, that being on a visit at Cardinal Colonna's at Avignon, a quarrel arose in the household, which was carried so far that they came to arms. In order to discover the cause, every one in the

family, even the brother of the cardinal, was obliged to assert upon *oath* what he knew of the affair: but when Petrarch, in turn, presented himself, the cardinal shut the book, saying, 'Petrarch, *your word* is sufficient.' Though four hundred years have passed since this circumstance occurred, yet in every history of this celebrated man it is still recorded with that respect and veneration which truth always inspires, and will probably be remembered even longer than his writings themselves. I do not like to hear even what are termed harmless fibs: truth is too sacred to be sported with, and these fibs gradually lead to more direct falsehoods. I have often heard people, in order to render a circumstance more amusing, embellish it by supposed incidents,

but related with an air of probability which imposed upon the hearer, who, in turn, repeated it with some further addition, till the simple fact was almost lost in the decorations of fancy. This is a species of falsehood sometimes dangerous, but always contemptible. Beware, my dear boy, how you transgress the boundary of truth; one false assertion leads to another, and, in an imperceptible succession, error accumulates on error, till the sin becomes of a magnitude I shudder to think of. To warn you against the crime of lying and concealing your faults, I will relate an event which happened some time since.

“On the birth of Frederic Sinclair, a young woman of the name of Frances was engagnd as nursery-

maid. She was the daughter of a poor but industrious widow, who gained a slender subsistence for herself and two younger children, principally by spinning. The neatness of Frances, the civility of her manner, and extreme attention to her little charge, rendered her a favourite with her mistress, while her good-humour and cheerfulness made her no less so with her fellow-servants.

“ When Frederic was removed from the nursery, and no longer required a female attendant in his walks, Frances was taken by Mrs. Sinclair as her own servant, and advanced to the rank of Lady’s Maid. This distinction was the reward of merit, and every one who knew her worth rejoiced at it; but, above all, her mother’s heart glowed with gra-

titude when she heard of this proof of her good conduct, and thanking Heaven for bestowing upon her such a daughter, she bade her other children 'be as good as Frances.'

"Grateful, but not elated; the good girl endeavoured, by every attention in her power, to prove herself worthy of the favour she had received. Except his parents, little Frederic loved no one so well as Frances; and Frances, on her part, saw in Frederic a future hero, scholar, and gentleman, that would astonish the world.

"In the midst of her prosperity, esteemed by her mistress, respected by her fellow-servants, loved by Frederic, and almost adored by her mother, an event happened which stigmatized the unfortunate girl as a thief and a liar.

“It was the business of Frances to overlook Mrs. Sinclair’s wardrobe; and so entirely did she confide in her integrity, that even her trinkets were entrusted to her care, and she had always found them carefully wrapped up in cotton, and deposited in their proper places.

“One day, in examining her cabinet, she missed her watch. It was of fine enamel, encircled with pearls, and had been the gift of her mother on her marriage; but what rendered it still more valuable was a miniature picture of the same dear parent attached to it, and this could never be replaced, as the loved original was no more.

“The first enquiries concerning the watch were naturally made of Frances;—she had seen it, she said,

a few days before, but declared her total ignorance of its loss. Every place was searched; every one of the family, even little Frederic, was questioned: all denied having seen it; enquiry and conjecture were equally unavailing; the watch was gone, and nobody could say in what manner.

“Suspicion, at length, fell upon Frances, as she was the only person who had access to the cabinet. No sooner is suspicion awakened than the imagination conjures up innumerable incidents which serve as proofs of guilt. Reluctantly did Mrs. Sinclair yield to the belief of the culpability of Frances, ‘but who could it be, were it not she?’ The key was still in her possession; the lock was uninjured: it could not be taken without her connivance at least,

and to permit an act of dishonesty is as wrong as to perpetrate it. So many circumstantial proofs combined to pronounce her guilty, that, at last, even Mrs. Sinclair condemned her, secretly blaming herself for having exposed her to temptation.

“The servants knowing the opinion of their mistress, saw only in their former favourite a thief, and notwithstanding her repeated protestations of innocence, avoided all intercourse with her. Her past good conduct, her long servitude, obtained her some indulgence, and she was permitted to remain in the house till she could procure another situation: but who would receive a thief? Every application for another service was fruitless: her ingratitude to so good a mistress, her dishonesty and false-

hood, were the theme of every tongue: even the few who pitied her, feared to express their pity, lest a part of her disgrace should be reflected upon them; those who had before envied her, now spoke in taunting reproaches, and at the end of a month she found herself obliged to quit a family, where above seven years she had been domesticated, and to every individual of which her grateful heart was faithfully attached. She had no other resource than to return to her aged mother; but to carry into her humble cottage the odium of guilt, was a dagger to her bosom, and sometimes, in the agony of her mind, she determined to become a wanderer; but tenderness and duty towards her mother, checked the thought, and she could not resolve to leave her.

Piously, therefore, trusting that Providence would one day make her innocence known, she determined to endure the contempt, and even ignominy, of her present situation, rather than abandon her parent.

“Weeping and unhappy, the poor girl had packed up her little wardrobe, and humbly begged one of the servants would solicit her mistress to allow her to take leave of her. The request was granted, and, pale and trembling, Frances entered the room, where Frederic was sitting with his mamma. Guilty as Mrs. Sinclair believed her, she yet received her with mildness, and a mixed sensation of sorrow for her fault and affection for her past services, softened her displeasure. She had before represented

to her the blackness of the crime she had committed, and did not wish to harden her heart by further reproof; but in general terms wished her well. Finding she still lingered in the room, she enquired if she had any thing in particular to say. The poor girl, with all the composure she could assume, replied, 'I come, madam, once more, to assert my innocence of the crime imputed to me, and to intreat you will continue your charity to my mother, should she lose me; to quit you at any time would have been a sorrow to me, but to be turned away in this disgrace, I feel will break my heart.'

"Mrs. Sinclair, who had scarcely lifted her eyes from her work during the short conversation, now fixed them upon Frances, whose faded

countenance seemed indeed to justify the apprehension she expressed; but the recollection of her guilt closed the avenues of pity, and she briefly said, 'she could make no promises.'

"Frederic, with his eyes full of tears, had crept into a corner of the room, and there sat in silence. Frances turned towards him; he rose from his seat, and went to her. Folding her arms around him, she faintly pronounced a blessing on his life, and curtseying to Mrs Sinclair, was tottering out of the room, when a scream from the child recalled her.—'Frances must not, shall not go. O mamma, mamma,' cried he, falling on his knees, 'will you forgive me if I tell the whole truth?'

"Astonished and alarmed, Mrs. Sinclair lifted up the child.—'Forgive

what?' said she; 'it cannot be *you*, Frederic, who have *stolen* the watch; you would not have suffered Frances to bear so long the imputation of guilt, without confessing your fault, and doing justice to her.'

" 'O mamma,' replied Frederic, 'but it was so very, very naughty, that every day I was more and more ashamed to tell, till I saw Frances quite going, and then I could not help it; but it *was* I who took your watch, indeed it was, and it is now in the fish-pond.'

" 'This is a strange story,' said Mrs. Sinclair, 'to take the watch unknown to Frances, and throw it into the fish-pond. Can I believe my child a *thief*, and capable of so much disguise?'

" 'It is indeed in the fish-pond,' repeated Frederic.

“Frances, scarcely less unhappy at the self-convicted guilt of her favourite, than when she alone had suffered all the imputation and odium of it, stood at the door immoveable. ‘What do I hear?’ continued Mrs. Sinclair; ‘do you understand him, Frances?’

“‘I know not, madam,’ replied she, ‘how master Frederic could obtain, the watch; perhaps’—and she burst into tears—‘perhaps it is only to save me.’

“‘The fish-pond shall, however, be searched,’ said Mrs. Sinclair; ‘if the watch be found, your innocence, Frances, will be quite cleared; and if it *be* found, my son ——’ she paused.

“‘Oh, madam,’ said the generous Frances, ‘do not distress yourself;

master Frederic could not take it, and, for my part, I will return to my mother: little Frederic, I am sure, is innocent.'

" 'Then you are mistaken, exclaimed Frederic, firmly advancing: I have been very naughty, but I will be so no longer; and if you will have the fish-pond dragged, mamma, you will find the watch.'

" 'When and how did you take it, Frederic? tell me *the truth*,' said his mother!

" 'I will; mamma; you shall have the whole truth. Frances, I believe, was putting every thing nicely into your cabinet, when Betty called to her, and said there was a message from her mother, who was very ill. She instantly left your room. I was

passing by in the gallery, and seeing the cabinet open, thought I would look in. The watch was in a drawer, not quite shut; so I looked the most at that, and I wished I wore a watch, as George Cavendish does; so I put it in my pocket, intending to take care of it, and return it to Frances, who, I thought, would forgive me for taking it, if I did it no harm. I then went into the garden, and put it to my ear; but passing by the fish-pond, and not minding my path, my foot slipped close to the edge, and, to save myself, I forgot the watch, which fell into the pond, and there you will find it. This is the truth, dear mamma, and pray forgive both me and Frances.'

“ ‘ As you have told it, Frederic,

'you are the only person in need of forgiveness, for you only are culpable.'

" 'Oh, madam,' said Frances, 'I should not have left the cabinet open; I well remember it.'

" 'It was a message from your mother, Frances, who was ill, and you did right to go instantly; no thieves could be supposed to lurk in this house. Remain with us till the point is cleared.'

" To ascertain the truth of Frederic's assertion, orders were immediately given for dragging the pond. It was large and deep, and for many days the fact was in suspense. Frederic stood constantly by the side, and not a net came out but his scrutinizing eye examined every corner.

At length he saw the object of so much sorrow, so much anxiety, so many tears. He plunged his hand into the mud, and brought it out in triumph. He ran to the house, and dropping on his knees before his mother, presented the testimony of his guilt, and of the innocence of Frances. Hiding his face in his mother's lap, he once more implored pardon: it was obtained, but not without a remonstrance for his fault. He felt it too just. The concealment of his crime had very nearly occasioned an innocent person's dismissal from a family; of her disgrace, perhaps her death; and had not the quick emotions of his heart predominated over a sense of shame, his conscience would have for ever risen

in reproaches against him. The watch was a monitor that spoke to his feelings; and as he looked at the blank of the miniature once so cherished by his mother, another pang of remorse stung his soul.

“Poor Frances was instantly sent for. She came smiling through her tears, for she had heard of the recovery of the lost treasure. She caught Frederic in her arms, and fondly caressing him, only chid him for crying, while he implored her forgiveness.—‘My good Frances,’ said Mrs. Sinclair, ‘you are completely justified; send for your mother, and let her witness the proofs of your innocence, and your entire restoration to my favour.’

“Frances was too much overpowered, by all that had passed, to speak,

but kissing the hand which Mrs. Sinclair held out to her, she withdrew to her own room, where she fervently gave thanks to that Being who vindicates the innocent. The servants met her with hearty congratulations: she was reinstated in her former situation, and regained the affection and confidence of all.

“Frederic, it is true, had, by his confession, done justice to the victim of his error, but it would have been much more honourable had he made it earlier. He had severely felt his fault, and the impression was as lasting as it was forcible. He was distinguished for his veracity both at school and college, and, like Petrarch, his simple assertion gained implicit belief, when ‘*Pon* my honour,’ and ‘upon my word,’ from

the lips of others, have been disregarded.—Bear in your mind the fault of Frederic, and never conceal an error, or tell an untruth, as you hope to be respected in this world, and happy in the next.”



THE

LITTLE WANDERER.

Fret not thyself, thou glitt'ring child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain.

BEATTIE.

AT a small market town in Lincolnshire, lived an humble mechanic, named James Watson. His wife took in washing, and by their mutual industry they earned a comfortable subsistence, and made a more decent appearance than many did whose profits were much greater. The pride of an honest spirit led them to exert themselves, that they might never be de-

pendent on the parish; and they carefully hoarded up all their little savings against, what Susan called, "a rainy day." For a while it was sunshine, but the "rainy day" came, and it was with difficulty they avoided a resource which appeared to them so disgraceful: they would say to their children, "We will work day and night rather than go for help to the parish, or live in the workhouse."

Their family was increasing, and they were scarcely able to provide a sufficiency for every mouth that demanded sustenance. Their meals consisted, during the week, of bread and milk, sometimes a small portion of cheese, and a little bit of meat to distinguish the sabbath: yet Susan looked cheerful; and though her gown was patched, it was clean; and James's

stockings were always neatly mended. They attended church on Sundays, and in an evening either read the Bible, or walked in the fields with their children. They worked hard; they never took what they could not pay for; and honest industry rendered them happy, till sickness, that scourge of the poor, visited their cottage. The expences attending it, and the successive funerals of several of their children, exhausted all their earnings; whilst the sorrow of heart which accompanied these calamities made them unfit for labour. But time is said to soften every affliction, and heal the severest wounds; and it is one among the many merciful dispensations of Providence, that the mind, however depressed for a sea-

son, can at length resume its hopes, and forget its sorrows.

Of a numerous family, three only remained to them, and these became, from the loss of others, objects of increased solicitude and love. Philip, the eldest, was a weak and delicate child, and promised to be unfit for any laborious employment. On a Sunday he attended a Sunday-school; and in the week he was taught to read, write, and a little arithmetic, by a neighbour. It was his father's delight of an evening, when he returned from work, to hear him repeat his lessons, and he already thought him a scholar for his age. "You will never be able to labour hard as I do, Philip," he would say to him, "therefore you must mind reading and writing, and in time you may get on by your learning, and

teach little boys, as your master does. Never be idle, my boy, for idleness is the root of all evil. Read your Bible, say your prayers, do as you would be done by, tell the truth, and keep out of debt and the workhouse." The workhouse was generally the concluding word of his father and mother's simple admonitions; it seemed to them the prison of disease, misery, and poverty, and hard indeed did they labour to avoid it.

Scarcely had these honest, industrious people recovered from one trouble, before another came. The trials of this world are, if supported with pious resignation and humble confidence, but as passports to a better; the Almighty "chastens whom he loves," and the sorrows of life

purify the soul, and fit it for the enjoyment of endless bliss.

James was taken ill. Susan watched him night and day; but while she nursed she could not wash; and as his illness was long and tedious, in order to pay the expences attending it, she was obliged to part with every article of furniture, except the bed on which her husband lay, her children's mattress, a cradle, and two or three chairs; but neither medicine nor nursing would save him, and poor Susan became a widow.

Reduced by grief and fatigue she would have sunk under this heaviest calamity an affectionate wife can know, had not the sight of her children roused her to exertion. We are too apt to imagine that the sorrows of the uneducated are lighter

than those which fall on cultivated minds. Refinement and education may render us more deeply sensible to the calamities of life, but they also open many a source of consolation which the poor and ignorant cannot have; though to them the hand of charity may be extended, and the voice of pity may soothe their troubles, yet these blessings are too often transient, and always uncertain. Susan received many kindnesses from the families whom she had served; and gratitude towards them, with the lively affection she bore her children, made her struggle to disguise her sorrow, and to wipe away the tear from her eye. Once more she resumed the occupation of washing. Philip was now ten years old, and though small of his age, assisted her to carry

home the linen, bring water from the well, and perform many useful offices; while Sally, who was six, rocked the cradle of little Jane. Susan worked, it is true; she even smiled upon her children, and spoke cheerfully to them; but the canker of grief was in her heart, and after a few months of unavailing combats between the feelings of the wife and the mother, she was buried by the side of her husband.

Mrs. Franklin, a friendly neighbour, whose husband was a baker, took the poor orphans into her house till they could be provided for.

It was the evening on which his mother was buried, that, as Philip was sitting silently in a corner of the room, with his little sister in his lap, the cold tear standing on his cheek, a

parish officer entered. "Well, child," he cried, "so, now your mother is dead, and you have nobody to provide for you and your sisters, you must all go to the workhouse."

At the sound of a word which he had been taught to hold in such abhorrence, poor Philip burst into a flood of tears.—"Nay, crying does no good, child," said the man; "a lucky thing for you that there is such a place for poor orphans to go to:—why, I sent Betty Forster and her children there last week, and there was no whimpering about it; she said she was glad to have a house over her head and nothing to pay for."

"But I can work," said Philip, wiping his eyes.

“Work, indeed!” exclaimed the parish officer, laughing; “why, your body is no bigger than my arm, and your legs are like drum-sticks:—work, indeed! no, no, you must go to the work-house to get strong, and then we will talk of work, if you have not enough there.”

“Go to the workhouse to get *strong!*” thought Philip to himself; “I am sure Jack Thompson is not strong, though he has been there four years.”

“But I can write and read, and sum a little,” said Philip, after a pause.

“Write, and read, and sum!” repeated the man, laughing aloud, “and what then? I never knew any good come from poor children being taught such things: and for my part,

I see no use in Sunday-schools; they keep girls and boys from running about the streets on a Sunday, to be sure, and may prevent a few black eyes and torn jackets; but I like to see children at their liberty, and Sunday is the only day they have for fun: why, I have fought many a battle on a Sunday, and played many a good game at cricket, and here I am, as honest and as wise a man, for aught I know, as any in the parish. But now Sunday is quite a different thing; there is no mirth, as there was in my time; the poor children go moping to church twice a-day, with their prayer-books and bibles in their hands, and instead of running about both before and after service, they are reading and being catechised at

the Sunday-school: it vexes me to see their spirits so curbed."

"Ah!" thought Philip, "my father was not of your opinion," and as this reflection passed across his mind, the parish officer's recommendation of the workhouse strengthened his dislike to it.

It was settled that the children should be removed there the day but one following; for their kind-hearted neighbour wished to see them happier before they quitted her; and to endeavour to reconcile Philip to the place he was going to, she told him that the workhouse was a safe and comfortable asylum for those who were unable to support themselves; that the man and his wife who were the governors, were kind and just towards those who were in it.

She reminded him that he would be under the same roof with his sisters; that she would see them as often as she could; and that, as they were too young to provide for themselves, it was fortunate there was such a place, where they would be so well provided for: in a year or two he would be fit for some service, and might then support himself, and do something for his sisters. He heard her arguments in silence, and as he cried but little, his good friend, Mrs. Franklin, thought he was reconciled to his destination.

The evening before their departure, Philip would not for a moment leave his sisters; he told Sally to sit by his side, while he held the little one on his knee. When Mrs. Franklin said they must go to bed, he burst

into tears, and kissed them so much, that she laughingly said, "Do you think you shall never see them again? why, you will kiss them every night, and every day too."

"I don't know that," answered Philip, sobbing.

"Yes, yes, my poor child," said their good friend, "you will be happier than you imagine."

When Philip went to his little bed, which was made up in a corner of a lower room, the dread of the work-house haunted his imagination, and dispelled sleep.—"My dear father and mother," he said to himself, "how sorry you would be if you knew your poor children were going there. I am sure I shall never be able to work if I go to such a horrid

place, and if I had not two little sisters I would run away."

He had once before thought of this, and the nearer the time approached for his being taken to the workhouse, the stronger became his wish to elope. At last he fell asleep, and when he awoke morning was beginning to dawn. The first image in his mind was the dreaded workhouse:—"In a few hours," he thought, "I shall be there." He jumped out of bed; listened if any one was stirring, and hearing no noise, he determined to attempt getting out of the house. He put on his poor patched clothes, and opening the casement, which had a very slight fastening, found he could easily slide down. He thought of his sisters, and wished he could see them, but

as they slept in Mrs. Franklin's own room it was impossible. He once more listened if all was still, and thinking he heard a little noise—that another moment might be too late—another hour he should be in the workhouse—his fears were all awakened, and exerting his utmost resolution, he softly opened the window and slid down. Almost breathless with apprehension he ran through the narrow street which led out of the town. No one was up, and he was a mile from the place before he saw a human being. Fearful of being overtaken, he wandered in the fields, and as his excursions had not been very extensive, he soon found himself beyond the point with which he was acquainted. He continued to walk till towards noon, when fainting

with fatigue and hunger, he stopt at a small farm-house, and begged a little milk: the farmer's wife added to it a large piece of bread, and thus recruited, the poor boy pursued his way. But he was unable to go far, and when night came he thought of the parents he had lost, the sisters he had left, and the shelter he had been accustomed to, and lying down on the ground he cried bitterly; but recollecting the workhouse he had escaped from, he surveyed the shady bank on which he intended to pass the night with some degree of pleasure. He knelt down and prayed, for he had been taught that God is present every where, and he implored of him protection for himself and sisters; he then laid his head upon the grassy pillow, and was soon asleep. When

he awoke his strength was recruited, and as he went along he eat a small piéce of the bread which the benevolent farmer's wife had given him. He walked on: he knew from whence he fled; but he knew not whither he was going—"the world was all before him."

After many days of uncertain wandering, subsisting on charity coldly given, and generally accompanied by a rebuke; sometimes soliciting work, which those who surveyed his slender limbs and pale face refused with a cruel smile, he found himself in the county of Norfolk. It was the middle of harvest: every hand was busy, every heart seemed happy, every face wore the look of gladness, save that of our poor wanderer: he often sat upon a stile, attentively observing

this scene of plenty and occupation, and wishing to be employed; but after the many repulses he had met with, and the unfeeling derision that followed his request for work, he feared to repeat it.—“I am a beggar and an outcast,” he would say to himself; “no one will employ me, and I must be idle.”

One morning, as he was pensively leaning on the gate of a barley-field, in which he had passed the night, a gentleman, the owner of the field, rode up. Little Philip pulled off his hat, and opened the gate.

“What do you do here?” said the farmer.

“I want work, Sir,” replied Philip; “pray can you employ me?”

“I have hands enough,” answered the farmer, “and your work would

be trifling; besides, I suspect, from your appearance, that you belong to the gang of gipsies that robbed my hen-roost last night."

Poor Philip's heart sunk within him at this accusation.—"I look then like a beggar and a thief," sighed he. The farmer had rode on, and Philip, throwing himself on the ground, burst into tears. He had now lost all hope. This gentleman had a kinder look and kinder voice than any person he had applied to, yet *he* refused him; and, as he lay sobbing on the ground, he thought he would try to find his way back to the workhouse, for being taken for a gipsy, a beggar, and a thief, was even worse than living there.

The farmer had reached the spot





THE LITTLE WANDERER.

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where some of his men were carting the barley.—“I wish, Sir,” said one of them, “you could find a job for that poor lad who just now spoke to you.”

“Do you know who he is?” said Mr. Desborough.

“No,” replied the man; “but as I came into the field this morning I found him asleep under the hedge, and quite alone. He looked so pale and ghastly, that at first I thought he was dead; so giving him a little push with my rake, (for I did not like to touch him with my hand,) and calling to him, he opened his eyes. He says he has lost both father and mother, and that he has run away from his parish, because he did not like to be sent to the workhouse, and that he wants a job

of work;—to be sure he does not seem as if he could do much, but every hand is a help in harvest-time. We gave him a bit of our breakfast, and it made my heart ach to see how fast he eat it; he has been looking at us from that gate ever since, as if he was loth to go.”

It was enough for Mr. Desborough to hear that the boy was unprotected, and he instantly desired the man to call him.—“Come, come,” said the honest rustic, “wipe your eyes, my man, and come with me; our master wants to speak with you.”

At the word *our*, Philip’s face brightened.—“Will he let me work for him then?” said he.

“Yes, he will,” replied the man, whose name was Joseph, “and has

sent me for you." Philip dashed away his tears and followed him.

"What can you do, my lad?" said Mr. Desborough.

"I don't know, Sir," replied Philip, "but I know I will do any thing I can."

"That's my brave boy! fairly spoken, however; come, take that rake and follow the waggon."

Poor Philip took the rake, but the manner in which he used it, showed how little he was accustomed to such an employment. Mr. Desborough, not wishing to discourage him by any remark, desired Joseph, who was his head man, to set him his work, and added, "Bring him with you to supper." He observed the feeble figure and pale face of the little pilgrim, and thought he saw in them famine

and fatigue, and secretly determined, if he found his story true and his conduct good, he should never want a friend. He gave him in charge to Joseph, because he knew he would not distress him by too hard a task, and having often himself felt the luxury of alleviating the sorrows of his fellow-creatures, he wished another should experience the same, and he relied upon Joseph's humanity to be tender to the poor child, while he inspected the labour of the others.

Mr. Desborough was one of those useful and respectable members of the community, styled Gentlemen Farmers. He cultivated his own estate; and though his acres were more numerous than those of any other person in the parish, he rejected the title of *'Squire*, and thought

Farmer Desborough an epithet still more honourable, as it was hereditary. "The huge oak" which his fathers had raised, he regarded as a monument of family distinction, and told his sons to venerate this tree of British growth and British glory. Though his mind had not received the factitious ornaments of modern education, it possessed the honest, simple, and upright qualities of the unsophisticated man, and plain, forcible sense marked his conversation. His *heart* was truly refined in the school of humanity; he was "to every friendless name a friend." His labourers lived in neat cottages, cultivated their little gardens, and fattened pigs and poultry. Were they in sickness or in sorrow, his hand was

stretched forth to assist them, and the soothing of his amiable wife poured balm into their wounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Desborough believed that the bountiful Power which had shed abundance upon them, designed his blessings should be dispersed: they considered themselves but as his stewards, and well did they discharge the trust.

The children of his labourers who were particularly industrious, he rewarded by placing them as apprentices to the different branches of business carried on in the village: his family clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and relieved the sick.

To the vagrant he was less indulgent, knowing that in this land of munificence and charity, every want has its asylum; but even to him, his

benevolent heart could not refuse pity and assistance;—

“He chid his wanderings, but reliev'd his pain.”

With such examples as Mr. and Mrs. Desborough at the head of a family, it may be supposed that the subordinate members of it were amiable from imitation. The children inherited the virtues of their parents, and the servants became the copyists of such excellent patterns. Such was the family under whose protection Providence placed our little wanderer.

After Mr. Desborough had committed Philip to the care of Joseph, the poor boy's ineffectual efforts to be of service, excited the compassion of the labourers. He shared with

them the cakes and beer which had been sent for their refreshment, and strengthened by this sustenance, which his fainting nature required, he again made an exertion to be useful. Joseph endeavoured to moderate his eagerness, by desiring him to "look on and learn;" but finding he would not be idle, the good man placed him on the fore horse of the team, as the post of greatest ease, and encouraged him by praises.

After the day's work was ended, a plentiful and substantial supper of beef and pudding was spread on the long oak table in the kitchen. Philip, (though grateful for the kindness he had met with) sat down in a corner, and as he surveyed the delicious banquet, burst into tears.

"What do you cry for," said

Jeseeph, who had been watching him in expectation of seeing his joy, "don't you like plum-pudding."

"Yes," sobbed Philip.

"What then are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking of my little sisters," said Philip, "for they love plum-pudding dearly."

"Bless his heart," exclaimed Joseph aloud; "I am sure he is a good lad, he loves his sisters so much—just like my poor Tommy—but he is dead, and perhaps God Almighty has sent me this child in his stead, and so if my master please, he shall go home with me. I know my good old woman will love him as her own, and there's poor Tommy's corner to lie in."

Joseph wiped away a tear that stole down his sun-burnt cheek, and

Philip, catching his hand, smiled in his face.

Mr. Desborough consented that the boy should be lodged in Joseph's cottage, and promised, if he behaved well, he would always find him a friend. Quiet, rest, and wholesome food soon effected a change in Philip's appearance, and Joseph would exultingly say, "He will be as strong and fine a lad as any in the parish, after all, mind me if he is not."

Philip's industry and wish to be useful gained him the approbation of Mr. Desborough, and the hearty affection of Joseph. When harvest was ended he received, as a reward for his services, a guinea. It was the first he had ever had in his possession, almost the first he had ever seen; and, as he surveyed the shining

treasure, the reflection that he had *earned* it, swelled his heart with honest pride. How to dispose of this sum to the best advantage was the next consideration: his clothes, though they had been repaired, were but a thin defence against the cold and rain, and as winter was approaching he wished for some that were strong and warm. After a long consultation with Joseph's wife, the guinea was devoted to the purchase of winter clothing. When the circumstance was mentioned to Mr. Desborough, he added a few shillings to the sum, which completed his wardrobe; and never did the splendour of a court-dress convey more pride to the wearer, than the grey duffell jacket, thick yarn stockings, leather breeches, and nail shoes, did to Philip; he sur-

veyed himself from head to foot, and with secret exultation said, "I have worked for these."

Every season brings fresh interest and occupation to the farmer. Though the barns were filled and stacks raised, still much remained to be done, and little Philip had his share of employment. He frightened the birds from the corn-fields, fed the pigs, kept the sheep, brought home the cows, helped to milk them, and to every allotted task he was always steady and active. Living so much in the open air made him robust and active; his pale face assumed the hue of health, his limbs strengthened, and he promised to verify Joseph's prediction.

During several years, through every successive season of farming business,

Philip continued the servant of Mr. Desborough, grateful for his protection, faithful to his interests, and attached to his virtues. On the death of honest Joseph, who had been Mr. Desborough's foreman and steward, Philip was appointed his successor. His early acquirements of writing, reading, and arithmetic, had not been quite neglected, and these were essential in his new situation. With a conscientious regard to honesty he discharged the trust of steward and superintendent, and having by care and economy saved a little money, his affectionate heart, which had always tenderly cherished the memory of his sisters, turned instinctively towards them, and he anxiously desired to revisit his native place. There he had been long forgotten. His

departure occasioned alarm and grief to Mrs. Franklin, who circulated enquiries after him through means of the market people, and was even at the expence of having him cried on the market-day; but as our little wanderer had struck into the most unfrequented lanes and fields, no one could give any intelligence of his route, and a boy's shoe having been seen floating on the river, it was conjectured he had perished in it. Mrs. Franklin shed a tear over his imaginary ill fate; the parish officer who conducted his sisters to the work-house, was glad to be rid of the burden of a sickly boy, and Philip was soon entirely forgotten.

From his first quitting the town, it had been his resolution never to return, unless he could avoid the

workhouse himself, and remove his sisters from it. This determination nerved his arm in labour, and gave him spirit and perseverance in all his pursuits. Being now in a comfortable situation, his wish to know the fate of his sisters could no longer be suppressed, and he requested leave of a few days' absence. It was granted; and his indulgent master lent him a horse for the journey. As he approached his native place, the mingled emotions of fear and hope brought many a tear down his cheek, and he thought he should never behave like a man when he got there. He put up his horse at the first public-house, and walked through the scarcely-remembered streets in search of Mrs. Franklin's shop. At length he found it, but stood some minutes

before he could determine to enter. Seeing some gingerbread in the window, he walked in and asked for a few cakes. He ventured not to say more, and Mrs. Franklin, as she served him, gazed on his countenance with a kind of anxious curiosity, and suddenly exclaimed, "I think I must have seen your face before; if he had not been dead many a year, I could believe it was James Watson himself stood before me; to be sure he had a son—but he, poor lad, was drowned when a child." The good woman sighed as she concluded.

Philip heard her with apparent calmness, and collecting all his fortitude, said, "It is many years since I have been here, but I remember James Watson; he had daughters."—Philip would have added, "are they

living?" but the words died on his tongue, and he feared to enquire what he so much desired to know.—“Yes,” replied Mrs Franklin, “he had two daughters, and they are two as good and as pretty girls as any hereabouts: I love them as my own children:—poor things! they went to the workhouse; but now Sally has got a good service with a lady who is very kind to her, and ever since my dear husband died, little Jane has lived with me, and been unto me as a daughter.”

Philip was too much overpowered, with joy to interrupt the short narrative: when she ceased, unable any longer to suppress his emotions, he sunk upon a seat and exclaimed, “I am their brother; I am Philip Watson.” A scream from Mrs. Frank-

lin brought Jane into the shop:—
“That is, your brother,” said Mrs. Franklin, “who was drowned, as we thought, and there he is alive and well, and as handsome as his father.” Philip had clasped Jane in his arms, and deluged her cheeks with the tears of fraternal affection. “Can I see Sally?” he said, as soon as he could speak. Mrs. Franklin dispatched a messenger for her; she instantly obeyed the summons, and joy and tenderness once more swelled the heart of the brother.

O Nature! how powerful are thy ties! Thou bindest us together in cords of silken touch, but of the cable’s strength.

Philip sat with an arm round each sister, his eyes wandering from one to the other, while memory was busy

in retracing the features of the infant in the face of the woman. It was a day of transport not unmixed with pain; and as each related the events that filled up the long lapse of time since they parted, they had frequent occasions to acknowledge, with gratitude, the protection of that Power which watches over the destitute orphan, and rewards the children of virtue.

The next morning he visited the sacred spot where reposed the ashes of his parents, and gave orders for a plain stone to point out where they lay, and to protect them from violation.

Those who had known James Watson were curious to see his son, but could scarcely remember the little

sickly child, in the strong, healthy young man. The parish officer said the change was surprising, though, for his part, he always thought he would turn out *something*, from his dislike to the workhouse. This man, grown old and poor, was now as humble to the *young farmer*, as he had once been arrogant to the helpless orphan. Philip, who had been taught to return good for evil, pitied and relieved him.

Mrs. Franklin was advancing into years, and though still healthy and active, the desolate and unprotected state of a widow rendered business more fatiguing and less profitable than formerly. Philip wished to show his gratitude for the truly maternal kindness he and his sisters had experienced from her; and as poor Joseph's

wife, who had shared his cottage, was gone to live with one of her daughters, who was married, he was desirous of offering a residence to Mrs. Franklin and Jane, till the latter could be placed in service, but declined mentioning his plan till he could consult with Mr. Desborough, who so entirely approved of the grateful sentiments that prompted it, that Philip lost no time in proposing his wish to his old friend. Mrs. Franklin was easily prevailed upon to resign a business which had long ceased to recompence her for the labour attending it, and to reside with Philip, whom she loved as a son, and respected as a benefactor.

We may infer from this humble narrative, that the early lessons of piety and honest independence are

not easily eradicated; that integrity and industry always meet with their reward; and that God never forsakes those who faithfully put their trust in him.

THE

ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

O THOU! with brightest glory crown'd,
Thou self-created Pow'r,
Whom Saint and Seraphim surround,
Whom Heav'n's high host adore!

How shall the artless Orphan's praise
Pervade the realms of air,
Tho' clasp'd these little hands I raise
In morn and ev'ning pray'r?

When mortal, cloth'd in mean attire,
Thou took'st a mortal's care,
The children throng'd, as round their sire,
A SAVIOUR's smile to share:

Then, as the artless infants cried,
'Thou spak'st the great decree,
And Heav'n's high gates were open'd wide
To lisping babes like me.

142 THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

**Be Thou my guardian, father, friend,
Thro' childhood's slipp'ry way;
My path through ev'ry scene attend
To life's remotest day.**

**In chilling cold, in fever's flame,
In midnight's solemn hour,
Protect and guard my trembling frame,
Nor nip the op'ning flow'r.**

**Teach me, what reason cannot show,
Teach me thy sacred Word;
From lips of babes the truth may flow,
When Reason's tongue has err'd.**

**Make me, within the sphere I move,
Faithful, submissive, kind;
And in one mighty link of love
To hold all human kind.**

**Teach me to weep at others' woes,
And others' joys to share;
To bless my friends, and o'er my foes
To drop compassion's tear.**

In pity to my wants below
May daily bread be giv'n;
In pity to my soul bestow
The bread which falls from Heav'n.

Whate'er my checquer'd fate may be,
I kiss the chast'ning rod;
Whom should the Orphan seek but Thee,
His first, last friend—his God!

THE
GOLDEN AGE.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Thro' the dark medium of life's sev'rish dream,
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be
wise. BEATTIE'S *Minstrel*.

IN the fabled period of the Golden Age, when all the inhabitants of the earth were happy, because all were virtuous, lived Alkin and Mirza. They beheld with gratitude the abundant blessings around them, and revered the fountain from whence they

came. Their children were fair and promising. Colnar and Luzerne were the eldest: the light of reason was beginning to dawn upon their minds; they listened to the precepts of their parents, whom they regarded with love and veneration. Alkin and Mirza early taught them to revere those great and good beings who formed and governed the earth; who clothed it with the richest verdure; who gave them fruits without labour, and health without interruption. But while they watched with rapture the growing virtues of their children, they trembled for their future days. Alkin perceived the commencement of those vices which gradually rendered this happy age less perfect. There were some who despised the

gods, and were insensible to their favours: he shuddered lest his children should be contaminated by their example, and forget the duties he had taught them.—“My darlings,” he said, “we know not the age of man, nor how soon the Just may call the righteous to their own habitations. Mirza and myself must soon expect to obey their awful summons. We have lived long on the earth; we have tasted the fruits of every season, and enjoyed all their blessings; we see our children fair as the children of light, whose companions we hope they will one day be made: but the hour of trial may arrive, for discontent begins to cast a gloom over these once cheerful plains; in that hour, my dear ones, remember your father’s precepts, and the tender admonitions of your mo-

ther. We dread to leave you exposed to a world of impending dangers; but when our bodies are laid beneath the earth, and our spirits ascend (as with humility we hope they will) to the regions of the blest, remember that we shall still survey you; but to the guidance of the good fairy Elphine, submit yourself on earth. The bower beneath which we sit, Mirza and I planted: every year has improved its beauties; the sun never reflects through it too warm a radiance, nor do the moon-beams interrupt our repose: in future times, when you sit beneath its shade, remember your parents, and let their instructions be recalled with reverence.—But our evening repast is over, and we will humble ourselves

before the throne of Heaven, in pious thanksgiving for the bounties we have received."

When their orisons were finished, he renewed the discourse. Even the good fairy, who was with them, almost forgot she was immortal, and for a moment caught the tearful tenderness of Mirza, whose eyes were fixed on her children, but whose tongue was silent. Alkin was proceeding, when he was interrupted by a confused sound of voices. He remembered among them the voice of Phelor. In wisdom he once seemed superior to the sons of men, and his devotion was ardent; but in a mind so nobly endowed, the seeds of discontent were sown, and deep researches produced doubt and contempt, instead of conviction and increased adoration.

He was advancing with some companions, whose weak intellects and capricious tempers quickly received any new impression. Phelor spoke: "Why are we called the superiors of the earth, when our powers are evidently inferior to the animals around us? The title is mockery, for every power worth possessing is bestowed on them. The eagle soars above the clouds, and the fish plunges beneath the waves:—Why cannot I bound like the stag? Why am I not permitted to explore the regions of the air, and travel 'midst the world of waters? Shall the gods, who made man so imperfect, be adored? I will not prostrate before them; the dull and ignorant are alone contented; reason and wisdom point out to us the errors of the gods."

Phelor blushed as he passed Alkin, but his companions listened and applauded; others were deluded by the same sentiments, and dissatisfaction spread its baleful poison over the Golden Age. Colnar and Luzerne, fixed an eye of earnest enquiry on their parents. Alkin understood it.—“Be not deceived by his sophistry,” he replied; “attend not to the sceptic’s wavering creed; he wanders in the mazes of doubt, and his researches terminate in the gulph of infidelity. Presume not to enquire into causes which the gods, for wise purposes, have concealed from human knowledge, but rely on their unerring wisdom: rest satisfied with the blessings they have poured upon you, and never fail to offer up the prayers and adorations of a grateful

and contented heart. Lose not your hope of happiness hereafter for the false glare of Phelor's reasoning: Vanity has erected her altar in his breast, and every virtue falls before it."—Alkin ceased, and embraced his children. The veil of evening was gradually spreading over the earth, and he and his family sunk into a peaceful repose. The fairy reassumed her aërial form, and, "swifter than the moon's sphere," pursued her midnight rambles.

With the earliest light of morning, Mirza and her family arose, but the hand of sleep seemed still to close the eyelids of Alkin: he awoke not to the tender voice of his wife or the endearments of his children, for he was no longer an inhabitant of

earth. Mirza sunk on the ground, and her children wept aloud. Elphine appeared to them:—"Mourn not," she said, "that Alkin sleeps; his body only sleeps, for his spirit lives above the clouds in the mansions of the blest." Mirza raised herself feebly from the earth; her eye was lifted up to Heaven, as she extended her arms towards her children; short was her period of woe; nature yielded to the conflict, and her spirit soon joined her Alkin's. Elphine alone remained the protector of their family. Time slowly abated their sorrow, and the fairy, who had soothed them by her tenderness, now began to address them in words:

"Remember," she said, "the instructions of your parents; remem-

ber they still watch over your actions, and disturb not their happiness by deviating from the paths of virtue, into which they led you, both by their precepts and example. When you require my admonitions, repeat the name of Elphine, and I will be with you." So saying, she instantly became invisible.

"My sister," said Colnar, "let us humble ourselves before the gods, and implore them to permit our dear parents to look sometimes down from their happy mansions, and bless their children."

Phelor appeared at the entrance of their bower:—"Weak young man," cried he, "dost thou worship those who have made thee mourn?"

"I worship those," replied Colnar, "who gave me life and health, and

placed me in these happy plains:— I worship those who blessed my parents on earth, and who now have caught them up above the clouds, where they live for ever in unchanging glory.”

“ Art thou sure of this?” said Phelox; “ I once thought it possible, but the mist of error is vanished before the light of truth, and I am no longer deluded by the belief that we are formed and protected by gods. If gods there be, they have bestowed upon us the faculties of reason only to render us more sensible of the imperfections of our bodies; they have placed us in this narrow spot of earth, confined on every side by barriers we are not permitted to overcome, and given us desires that reach beyond it.”

"And those desires," said Colnar, eagerly, "are attained by the good, who ascend above the clouds."

"Did any one," replied Phelor, laughing, "come from the clouds to tell you so?—Farewell; be happy, and be ignorant."

A glow of displeasure mantled on the warm cheek of Colnar; he remembered the instructions of his father, and determined to shun the insidious Phelor. Even the mild temper of Luzerne was disturbed, and she pronounced the name of Elphine. The fairy was in a moment before her.—"O Elphine!" she cried, "Phelor has dared to enter this bower, which he once shunned because he feared to appear before our parents; he has now mocked our grief, and despised our adoration."

“Despise *him*,” replied the fairy, “but listen not to his words, for they are specious, and innocence cannot contend with the subtleties of art, therefore avoid him. Those who think like him, when they leave the earth, have their dwellings beneath it; but do you, my children, imitate your parents, that your spirits may be pure as theirs, and your reward as perfect.”

They thanked the benevolent fairy for her advice, and promised to observe it. She vanished, and Phelor appeared.—“Well, my young friends,” exclaimed he, laughing, “have the gods poured into your breasts the balm of consolation, and healed the wounds they have inflicted!”

“They have,” said Colnar, “disturb not our tranquillity by your

mockery; we are happy, and can only remain so by pursuing the path our parents pointed out to us."

"O, unfortunate children!" exclaimed Phelor, "you were born in ignorance, and nursed in superstition; the light of truth is beginning to dawn upon the world, but you refuse to admit its inspiring rays: you may repent despising the words of Phelor, but a future age will attend to them with respect."

His earnestness alarmed them, and he left them more disturbed than before.—"My father," said Colnar, "acknowledged he once seemed superior in wisdom to the sons of men, yet he never would listen to him. His earnestness surely is sincere, and ought *wisdom* to be shunned."

“When superior abilities,” said the fairy, that moment appearing, “are exerted only to tempt the innocent and unwary from the pale of duty, by leading them into the labyrinths of doubt; urging them to enquire into causes withheld from human knowledge by the peculiar wisdom of the gods; irreverently concluding every thing, that is beyond the limits of their narrow comprehension, formed in error, or existing but in the visionary’s creed, *wisdom*, then, as you term it, ought to be abunned.—Such is the wisdom of Phelor; to this he joins a heart corrupted by its own discontent, and feels a cruel satisfaction in disturbing the peace of others.—The future age he mentions will be less happy than this; it will commence in the

wickedness of men who despise the worship of superior beings, and suffer their wishes to extend beyond the boundless ocean; but even in that age happiness will still await upon the virtuous, and may you, my children, be found among the number of the *blessed*; but vain will be my solicitude, unless your own efforts assist it." Elphine disappeared.

"How strange it is," said Colnar, "that when Nature presents every thing to our view in the same form, opinions should so widely differ!—Elphine may be mistaken."

"Our parents loved and respected her," said Luzerne.

"They did so, my sister; but may we not presume," continued Colnar,

“that the more our faculties are enlarged by rational enquiry, the more happy we must ultimately find ourselves? ‘The gods are happier than we, because they are wiser. Elphine says the next age will be less happy than this—I doubt it.”

In this moment of uncertainty Phelor approached, and, with a look and tone of peculiar energy, said, “Dost thou persist in error, Colnar, and continue to reject the voice of truth and friendship?”

“I hope it is not error,” replied Colnar; “and though I know not how adoration became a duty, I feel it is such. I believe there are beings above the clouds who formed the earth, and all its inhabitants, and who have power over them: from

every part of created nature this belief springs, and the consolation I derive from the worship I pay the gods, convinces me they are not indifferent to the creatures they have made."

"This consolation," said Phelor, "lives only in your imagination; it is the offspring of ignorance and folly. I asked of the gods power to ascend with the eagle, and to pass the waters, and I promised them unceasing homage; but my prayers were unanswered; and can they regard the creatures they have formed, if they refuse them that which would exalt the incense of their worship?"

"We know not," replied Colnar, "for what wise purposes this may be denied; we ought, I think, to be

contented, for every blessing is given us without our exertion to procure it."

"I know not," said Phelor, "if by these gifts happiness is promoted; indeed I think otherwise.—Does not the rose, which we plant to adorn our bower, look fairer in our eyes than any of those blossoms which nature spontaneously yields us? and would not the fruits purchased by our labour taste sweeter than those which require no toil to obtain, and are, as you imagine, the bounty of the gods?"

"And can you believe them otherwise?" faintly enquired Colnar.

"I am unable," said Phelor, "heartily, to reconcile such contradictions to my reason, as the present

system of nature hourly presents to it: if we are formed by gods, and designed to be happy, they ought not to have imparted to us desires beyond our power to gratify."

Phelor abruptly left them. Colnar felt something like discontent. Luzerne was uneasy. They feared alike to receive or refuse his opinion. Infidelity, like a dreadful contagion, was infusing its deadly venom into their minds. "If we call the fairy," said Luzerne, "she will admit nothing which Phelor says, and surely no one can wander in total error: let us reason, my brother, with ourselves. They did so; and, for the first time, their evening devotions were omitted.

In the morning the fairy came.—
"My good Elphine," said Colnar,

“do not you possess some of the prejudices of my dear father? had he listened to the arguments of Phelor, he would not so rashly have censured him.” Luzerne looked fearfully upon her. The fairy, darting at each an angry glance, exclaimed, “If the anxious cares of your parents, their pious instructions, their virtuous examples, and my ardent solicitude for your welfare, have no influence upon you; search for happiness wherever your perverted imagination directs, and farewell.”

Elphine disappeared. Colnar affected a smile. Luzerne looked mournfully towards him; grief and confusion crimsoned her cheek and dimmed her eye; but Phelor soon after entering, the displeasure of their friend was forgotten.—“Has

Elphine been here?" said he: "why do you admit that little whisper of a word—that vapour of a being? she is one of the most troublesome of her race; and were it possible for the vengeance of mortals to reach her, she would long since have felt mine for her impertinent admonitions."

"She is gone," said Luzerne, sighing, "and I fear in anger."

"I am glad of it," replied Phelor, laughing; "I wish she were enshrined in a lily's-bell!"

His language, alarmingly earnest or insidiously gay, never failed in its purposed effect; and the minds of his young friends were gradually receiving a tint of his vices.

The fairy was long absent. Luzerne felt a tenderness towards her that even railleury could not check, nor

time eradicate; and Colnar would sometimes wish to recal her to his bower, but Phelor was so often there, that Elphine would have been an unwelcome guest. They neglected the worship their parents had taught them, and were unhappy; but their uneasiness they imputed to the error of the gods.

After an evening of unusual discontent, they retired to their separate bowers. The slumbers of Luzerne were broken. The spirit of her mother was permitted to visit and reproach her for the neglect of her duty. She arose in agony, and hastened to the bower of her brother, whom she found just awakened, and in equal agitation.—“Colnar,” she said, “we have disturbed the peace of our parents; they have descended from

their happy regions to warn us of our danger."

"Yes, Luzerne," said Colnar, "in the vision of this night I beheld my father; the glory of the gods was around him; his eye beamed with pity, but terrible were his words."

"And my mother," said Luzerne, "was beautiful as an angel of light; I would have followed her to her realms of bliss, but Phelor seemed to detain me; he looked dark and ugly."

"Dear sister," said Colnar, "Phelor shall be banished from our bower; he would be the demon of our destruction; a warning like this is sufficient to reclaim us!"—"Blest spirits of our parents!" they cried, falling on the earth, "pardon the errors of your children: they repent their sins—they will return to the worship you taught

them, and endeavour to prove themselves worthy an abode in your joyful regions."

The good Elphine was recalled: she attended them impatiently; tears of unfeigned contrition moistened their cheeks, but they were silent.—The fairy spoke:—"I can understand all you would say, my children, and I rejoice to find you returned to the paths of virtue. The sophistry of Phelor dazzled your imagination and bewildered your judgment, and too soon would have corrupted your hearts: beware that he never again pours into your ears the poison of his principles. Yet he does not implicitly believe even what he has the boldness to assert, and he trembles at the anger of those gods whom he affects to despise. Every one's happiness he

views with envy, and attempts to render their minds the dark image of his own. You knew not how often I hovered near you, and heard your conversations. I saw with secret satisfaction the struggles of your conscience, that silent and true monitor of the soul, and I lamented the weakness and credulity which yielded for a moment to his artful persuasions. Your parents beheld your danger, and were permitted to interpose. Let your repentance be shown by renewed adoration, and your gratitude by a contented heart."

"Had we lived in the early part of this age," said Colnar, "we should not have heard the voice of complaint or doubt."

"Lament not the period of your existence," replied Elphine; "virtue

is not banished from the earth, though vice has entered it. Discontent is the self-created demon of the mind, and has not its source in the form of outward things; suffer it not again to take possession of your breasts, for it bears in its train innumerable evils. May Phelor, who has lately been your example, hereafter be your warning; he will always remain shunned by the good, and detested even by the bad. Never cease to remember, that the beings who created you, constantly watch over your actions, to reward the virtuous with a life of eternal blessing, and this belief is the foundation of all earthly felicity."

Further admonitions were unnecessary. Colnar and Luzerne continued to offer up to the gods the effusions of unfeigned repentance,

and to worship them with the ardour of pure devotion, and happiness once more resumed its seat in their bosoms.

FINIS.

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